and laid those papers aside for him.

man was so anxious to know what the

papers said, others would be so, too, and

thereafter he bought all the papers and clipped from them everything in reference

to art and armsts. He took the elippings

about among the studies where he had a

large acquaintance, and peddled them for what he could get. In time he added lit-

erature as well as art to his field, and did

in the same way there. The idea devel-oped, however, and he soon settled down

into a regular business, which was the

model for the two concerns in this city .-

After a Shopping Tour.

return from business the other evening.

"Ned, I have been shopping, and I am

going to tell you all about my rosy cheeks,

bright eyes and my shopping tour. You

think I am looking charming, yet the mo

ment I mentioned shopping to you your

countenance changed, and you looked at

me as though shopping was a mild kind of crime. New, don't think that shop-

ping means buying, for many women have not a dollar in their purses when

they go shopping. But no woman ever goes

citement, fresh air and the change that

causes women to appear so pink and charming afterward."

"But have women the assurance to go

"Oh, they don't take up much time.

'Do all who ask for samples procure

Well, the clerks use discrimination

about that. They soon find out the shop-

class ask for samples the clerks answer

journey on fields and cakes of ice, let

pick up an atlas showing the geographical

relations between Iceland and Greenland,

the distance between which is about equal

famished and desperate with hunger after

this takes up enough time to allow the man

to escape. - Frederick Schwatks in Outing.

The Orchestra's Six Trombones

A Russian orchestra was once rehenra-

ing under the direction of Arban, a cele-

which

brated French musician. Among the in-

were playing in unison. Arban noticed

"Here, here," exclaimed Arban, stop-ping them, "that note should be "do!"

can reach. And as it is so very cold, ev-

ery time we do that it gives us such a

Rules of a Quaint Community.

to rigidly conform to somewhat exacting

rules. Every one is required to attend

church twice every Sunday and hear two

sermons from Father Henricl. Any one

night is immediately banished from the

to every man, woman and child.-Chicago

The Big Pork Man's Employes.

to have the heads of departments of his

various interests dine with him several

times a week. He finds that the dinner

hour is the best time to "get at" his men,

and it is the most convenient way to bring them together.—New York Even-

Women Barbers for Women.

town, where the petticoats are so thick that a man is almost as much out of place

as he would be at a ladies' luncheon, there

Of course, there were always places where women could get their hair dressed

but when the universal bang demande

constant attention these great artists were

apt to act as if such ministrations were beneath their attention. Then they

charged enormously. The places where they trim bangs cheap were dubiously masculine; even if they set apart a place

for women there were glimpses continu-ally of dreadful, collarless, lathered male

beings, and to the inexperienced feminine mind nothing seems so indecent as a man

Still another question of decency came in The fine ladies who have had their hair

dressed ever since they were 12 years old,

On one of the women's streets of this

Phil Armour, the great pork man, has

In the quaint Pennsylvanian community

economy every inhabitant is compelled

struments were six trombones,

observed that, where

"do" at rehearsals."

"And why not, please?"

chill!"-Youth's Companion.

through the stores taking up the time of

the saleswomen and buying nothing?

They simply look about, examine the new

materials and occasionally ask the price

of an article and sometimes get samples.

cheeks and bright eyes.

asked the husband.

them?" was asked.

York Evening Sun.

tour without getting rosy

said a husband to his wife on his



THE QUEEN ROSE.

White a fair secluded garden close, Where happy sunbeams played throughout the

day, Chasing the languid, dreamy hours away, And naught; disturbed the calm, serene repoi Afar from chilling blasts and wintry snows, Bloomed fragrant flowers in loveliest array But in one corner, shunning all display, In beauty grew the sweetest, queenliest rose.

I loved that quiet garden with its flowers; It was to use a well spring of delight, Until one day I found its glory fied. For though the birds sang in the leafy bowers,

And all the blooms were seemingly as bright, I saw, alas! my sweet, queen rose was dead. —Henry Talcott Milla.

#### AN ADOPTED CHILD.

"She's such a little thing, Simpson-and so thin and scrawuy!"
"She'll grow, mem."

"And her eyes are so big and-child, don't stare at me like that! She is very dirty,

Simpson."
"Sho'll wash, mem." "Well, take her away and do the best you can with her. I'm afraid she won't turn out

to be as pretty as I thought she would when I looked at her in the home. One can never tell about that kind of children." eli about that kind of children.

Mrs. Lee turned away with a sigh as the both ladies in a breath.

"I don't know but I shall be sorry I took her," she thought. "If my own little Elsie had only been spared to me what a beautiful, good little child she would have been by this time!"

Two long years had passed since that cruel day when the new nursemaid burst into the room where sat the startled mother, crying, "She's gone! I've lost her!" and ending with a burst of hysterical tears. Oh, what hours of vain and agonized search followed. The little buby daughter, left alone in her carriage for a moment while the careless maid entered a store to ask the price of some coveted article, had disappeared, nor could one clew to her whereabouts be discovered

Gradually the belief that their darling had in some way met an early death became fixed in the minds of the parouts, and they finally ceased to regard her as jost and mourned for

Another year passed, and then fell the secand overwhelming blow of the death of her husband, and after a year of loneliness, being comparatively wealthy, Mrs. Lee decided to adopt into her home some little friendless waif, instead of the daughter who would have been a comfort to her declining years. "She's come, mother," she said, as the door oponed and an elderly lady entered the

"I don't believe she will be pretty after all -and I do so dislike homely children of that class. Her eyes are too large—out of all pro-portion—and her nose is so much too small." "My dear," said ber mother, smiling, "when you were her age you were nearly all eyes, and you had scarcely any nose at all to speak of. I was sometimes afraid you would never be presentable." She smiled with motherly pride at the fair face opposite her. "And, my dear," she continued, more

gravely, "remember you have adopted her now for your own, and have, perhaps, the making or marring of her life in your hands. You must be patient with her and allow for the difference in blood."

At this moment Mrs. Simpson entered, holding the child by the hand. Both ladies utfrom the bath, the straying locks caught with a blue ribbon and twined into golden curls, and the uniform of the home exchanged for a dainty dress of white, made the child almost narecognizable. She slipped her hand from Simpson's and crossed the room with a little, stately trend. "Is oo my maxima!" she asked with sweet shyness, looking up at Mrs. Lee from under her long "S'all me love oof"

"No, no, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, drawing back involuntarily; then, seeing the hurt, disappointed look on the little one's face, she added, "I will love you, yes, if you are a good child, but you must not call me 'mamma,' call me 'auntie.' I can't belp it, mother," she said excitedly, answering the look of disapproval, "I can't give her Elsie's place—nor Elsie's name, as you suggested. We can call her 'Mabel,' after you, if you like. You know we were sorry we had not named Eisie after you," she added, apologet-

During this speech the child had been looking piteously from one to the other. "Den where is my mother?' she asked. "Come in here, dear," said the elderly

lady. "Be a good little girl and you will find a mamma, sometime," and she gathered the little waif close in her motherly arms. "Den me wait," murmured the little one, and in a few minutes was fast asleep in her

new home. "Whatever am I to do with her, mother? Of all things I detest an untruthful child!" You are too barsh with her, my dear. A frightened child will tell a lie nine cases out of ten, where the truth would have done bet-ter. I used to think I should never be able to break your brother of that very habit,

though he is now a descen in the church and one of the most pious men I know." "But she deceives me, mother, and the other day I missed that little coral pin of mine, and when I asked her for it she denied cence, and then I found it shut close in her little hand. One can't teach a child honor and honesty when they have common blood in their veins. I believe thoroughly in hereditary virtue and the refinement of an un-

raises her beed proudly, conscious of that same noble line of ancestors for herself. "You can't help a plum tree's bearing plums, mother; neither can you help the natural vices of the lower classes from anpearing in one of their own, however much of an exception she may be in the matter of looks," she finished.

broken line of noble ancestry." Mrs. Lee

Her mother smiled, then looked grave. "I do not by any means hold that the cirrumstance of birth is responsible for our little one's faults, Augusta," she said. "In fact, your great grandiather was a notorious -swincier, my dear, though, to be sure, be reference and lived a Christian life for many years before he died. Because a man is noble in name, he is not necessarily noble in nature as well. There are lords in bovels and louis in palaces. Remember the child's constant associations, my dear, and do not expect three months—or, possibly, even three ars-to entirely eradicate the training in vice she has already received."

"Well, mother, I will give her another trial," replied the daughter reluctantly, "though I had almost made up my mind to send her back and let ber take her chan with the rest. If she gives me any proof-that is, that she will improve in time."

Little feet patiered through the bail; little hands fumbled at the door. "Me's turn," she and moed, stopping on the threshold. With the wonder all intuition of childhood, she seemed danger of some kind and retreeted to Mr. Tsunton's chair,

"Tell grandma what makes hisbel such a naughty girl F said the latter, taking her tenderly in her arms. "Mabel dood now," prometed the little one, settling her cheek on Mrs. Taunton's hand.

"Mabel fordet, an' de black man catch her an' make her tell 'tories." This last with an wident appreciation of her own imaginative

"Augusta, how can you steel your heart sgainst her?" cried the elder lady, gathering the little, satisfied mite close and kissing the

lop of her curiy head.
"I don't, mother," answered Mrs. Lee, with lears in her eyes. "I love her too well, I am sometimes afraid. But 'blood will talk' some

know, and too much indulgence will be sure to spoil her. I am afraid the responsibility will be too much for me, and that I must send her back in the end."

The child slipped down from her place and stood before Mrs. Lee with folded hands. "Mabel be dood now," she said gravely, "Mabel love oo—don't send Mabel 'way!" Her lip quivered ominously.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Lee, moved against

her will "No, Mabel shall stay if she will be good."
The next afternoon the ladies left the house to pay a promised visit, leaving Mabel seated on the floor quietly engaged with a new pic ture book, with hig Bruno for company, "Es, Mabel be dood," she said in reply to

Mrs. Lee's query, "she loves oo."
"What is your opinion now, Augusta?"
asked her mother as they walked along. "Just what it always was, mother," replied rs. Lee, smiling. "There cannot but be a Mrs. Lee, smiling. There cannot but be a difference between a child with the noble blood of generations in her veins, and one with the inheritance of the ignoble traits of as many generations. Now, Eisie would have

had as great a horror of deceit and dishonesty as I have myseif." Mrs. Lee sighed deeply. "But you must admit that there are exceptions, Augusta!" "Exceptions that prove the rule. No,

mother, it would take some stronger argument than you can produce, I am afraid, to make me change my opinion." It was dark when they reached home. excited servant met them at the door.

doctor said it must be kept quiet," she whis-

pered.
"What is it—what has happened?" cried

At this moment the doctor made his appearance.
"Will she die, doctor?" asked Mrs. Lee,

clutching at the railing for support.
"No, madain, no," and the doctor. "She is not at all hurt—only frightened a little. It seems you had told her not to leave the room, and after the lamp was lighted the dog ran against the table and tipped it over. Is didn't break the lamp, but the flame caught the muslin drapery, and when the servant returned after a short absence she found the child standing in the middle of the floor crying for 'Auntie,' while the dog had fled down stairs. She will be all right by to-

Mrs. Lee did not hear this last assurance, being already half way up the stairs. Mrs. Taunton was not far behind her.

cried the little one as Mrs. Lee entered the room, "tan't Mabel have her ownty mamma now! Mabel was dood-B'uno was bad doggie. P'esse, aunty," she

Mrs Lee held out her arms. "My darling," she said, "I will be your mamma, your 'ownty' mamma. Say 'mamma,' darling," she cried, the tears running down her cheeks. "My ownty mamma! Mabel so happy-Mabel so seepy." The blue eyes closed, and they left her sleeping with a smile on her lips. The servant met them in the hall.

"Please, ma'am, there's a noor body waiting to see you. I was sort o' 'fraid o ma'm, and didn't want to let her in, but she said 'twas important business.

Mrs Lee followed her down stairs. "What can I do for you, my good woman?"

she asked.
"Yer can't do nothin' fer me," said the woman, roughly, "but I kin do fer you.
Thar's some clus what belongs ter ye: they're
yer young un's."
"Mamma!" cried a little voice. "Me 'ants

my new mamma. Oh!" A child's scream of terror. "Bad woman send 'way, matama! Mabel 'fraid." She hid her face in Mrs. Lee's dress. Wha-what do you mean? cried she,

breathlessly. "I mean, mum, thet I stole 'er an' then guy 'Ere's 'er things she hed on. Thet's what I mean, mum-she's yer own. Good

The hardened woman closed the door softly eye at thought of the picture she had left in the hali behind her; the figure of a sobbing woman kneeling on the cold stones, and clasping close to her thankful breast a little, wondering child.

"What do you think of your theory, now Augusta?" asked Mrs. Taunton, when she had "I-I think I haven't any, mother," she

said, laughing through happy tears.—Kate A. Bradley in Detroit Free Press.

Beligious Bath in Mid-Ocean.

ipse of the moon was to take place between 3 and 3 in the morning, and the Maharajah, as a devout Brahmin, was bound to go through certain religious rites in consequence, one of the most important of which a thorough cold water bath. To give time for these proceedings the steamer had to be stopped for three hours during the night, and this delay was compensated by the maharajah (who would certainly need his proverbial wealth if this sort of thing were to happen often) with a payment of 2,000 rupees, or about \$5 for every minute of

detention.
"He did the same thing once before," said the captain to me, "when he was making a voyage with us along the coast, and then he stopped the ship for three hours and paid 2,000 rupees for it just as he's going to do now. But that time he let down a boat into the sea and had a regular bath, which I'm not going to allow him to do this time, because there's always some risk of his getting drowned, you know, and that wouldn't do at all, you know. I shall give him the deck to himself to-night, and he can stand on the platform of the ladder with his two men and draw up the water with a backet and splash

away as much as he likes." The maharajah good naturedly assented to this modified programme, and scarcely had the splender of the full moon begun to darken when a tremendous splashing of ounced that the sacred bath was in progress. The sudden stoppage of the vessel had awakened both passengers and officers, and some of the latter reached the upper deck just in time to witness a part of onial, which was by no means to their taste. After each of the four Hindoo prayers recited by the maharajah, be counted out and flung into the sea a large bag of silver rupees, with several gold coins among them. The younger officers were naturally grieved at the sight of "so much good money thrown away," and held a debate next morning on the feasibility of stretching a piece of canvas along the side to catch the falling cash in the

event of the performance being repeated.

Like most of his untraveled countrymen, the manarajah appeared to be very curious about foreign lands, more especially America, the unresting energy and movement of which seems a never ending source of interest to the apathetic orientals.-Burmah Cor.

In washing black cloth beef's gall in the water helps to set and renovate the color.

It sometimes happens that the peddlers who travel from door to door with usual patience ent in manner, as a story, repeated in an old Boston family, illustrates. One day a lady who saw the approach of a peddler put her head out of the window and called out: "We don't want anything!" The peddler looked up: "Put your old head into that window," he said. "Notody asked you if you did," and he went on his way without emotion.-Boston Journal.

Not Quite So Worthless.

First Citizen-You knew the widow Sokes Second Citizen-I did. The most utterly

the time; abused his wife, and was dead drunk when the engine struck him. Spent

all her earnings for whisk—
First Citizen—Go slow. Solves was not quite so worthless as you make out. His FUTURE FOOD SUPPLY.

PRINCE KRAPOTKIN DICUSSES THE QUESTION AT LENGTH.

Extracts from His Essay in The Ninetee Century-Must Great Britain Starve? Agriculture in Belgium-Results High Cultivation-The "Orchard."

Great Britain nov buys from foreign countries one-half of the food she eats, and pays for it in manufactures. What will she do when other nations decline to buy the pro-duce of her looms and mills! Must half her people starve! This is the question Prince Klapotkin discusses:

"Is it possible that the soil of the United Kingdom, which at present yields food for one-half of its inhabitants, could provide all the necessary amount and variety of food for \$5,000,000 human beings, when it covers only 78,000,000 acres all told—forests and rocks, marshes and peat bogs, cities, railways and fields! The current opinion is that it by no means can; and that opinion is so itwe that we even see a scientist, like Mr. Huxley, who is always so cautious when dealing with current opinions in science, indorse that opinion without even taking the trouble of verifying it. It is accepted as an axiom. And yet, as soon as we try to find out any argument in its favor, we discover that it has not the slightest foundation, either in facts or in judgment upon well known facts."

The prince thus compares the agriculture

of Great Britain with that of Belgium: Belgium also grows an average of 27 8-10 bushels of wheat per acre, but her wheat area is relatively twice as large as that of the United Kingdom; it covers one-eleventh part of the cultivated area, one-twelfth of the aggregate territory. Besides, Belgium cuiti-vates on a larger scale industrial plants, and although she keeps the same amount of cattle on the acre as the United Kingdom, her aggregate crops of cereals are five times larger with regard to the cultivated area, and seven times larger with regard to the aggregate As to those who will not fail to territory. say that the soil of Belgium is certainly more fertile than that of this country, let me answer, in the words of Laveleye, that 'only one-half, or less, of the territory offers natu ral conditions which are favorable for agriculture;' the other half consists of a gravelly soil, or sands, 'the natural sterility of which could be overpowered only by heavy manuring.' With this soil and labor. succeeds in supplying nearly all the food of a population which is denser than that of England and Wales, and numbers 514 inhabitants to the square mile. If the exports of agricultural produce from Belgium be taken into account, we can say that Lavel-eye's figures are still good, and that only one inhabitant out of each twenty requires imported food. But even if we double his figares, we still find that the soil of Belgium supplies with home grown food no less than

400 inhabitants per square mile.
"I might quote like examples from else where, especially from Lombardy, without even going as far as China. But the above will be enough to caution the reader against hasty conclusions as to the impossibility of feeding 35,000,000 people from 78,000,000 acres. They also will enable me to draw the clusions: (1) If the soil of the United Kingdom were cultivated only as it was thirty years ago, 24,000,000 people, in-stead of 17,000,000, could live on home grown food; and that culture, while giving occupation to at least 750,000 men, would give nearly 3,000,000 wealthy home customers the British manufacturers. (2) If the 1,590, 300 acres on which wheat was grown thirty years aco-only these, and not more-were cultivated as the fields are cultivated now England under the allotment system, which gives on the average forty bushels per acre, the United Kingdom would grow food for 27,000,000 inhabitants out of 35,000,000. if the now cultivated area of the United Kingdom (80,000 square miles) were culti-vated as the soil is cultivated on the average in Belgium, the United Kingdom would have food for 37,000,000 inhabitants; and it might export agricultural produce, without ceasing to manufacture, so as freely to supply all the needs, of a wealthy population And finally (4), if the population of this country came to be doubled, all that would be required for producing the food for 70,000,000 inhabitants would be to cultivate the soil as it is cultivated in the best farms of this councultivate the meadows which at present lie almost unproductive around big cities in the

same way as the neighborhood of Parisis cultivated by the Paris maraichers." But Prince Krapotkin goes farther, and shows how, as population increases in den-sity, the command of man over the productive power of the soil becomes proportionately greater, until it really seems impossible to set a limit to it. Here is his description of

a single marais, or "orchard," near Paris:
"His orchard covers only 2 7-10 acres. The outlay for the establishment, including a steam engine for watering purposes, reached £1,155. Eight persons, M. Ponce included, cultivate the orchard and carry the vegetables to the market, for which purpose horse is kept; when returning from Paris they bring in manure, for which £100 is spent every year. Another £100 is spent in rent and taxes. But how to enumerate all that is gathered every year on this plot of less than three acres, without filling two pages or more with the most wonderful figures! One must read them in M. Ponce's work, but here are the chief items: More than 20,000 pounds of carrots, more than 20,000 pounds of onions, radishes and other vegetables sold by weight, 6,000 heads of calibage, 3,000 of cauliflower, 5,000 baskets of tomatoes, 5,000 dezen of choice fruit, and 154,000 heads of salad-in short, a total of 250,000 pounds of vegetables. This soil is made to such an amount that every year 250 cubic yards of loam have to be gross income is estimated at £800, which pays the £100 of rent and taxes and £570 of working expenses."-The Standard.

The Story of "Annie Laurie." The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, is a mys-

tery as to the author. I was raised on the next farm to James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally ecquainted with both ber and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts, I have been requested by my friends to give the public the tenefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about 17 years old as he would be at a ladies' function, there is a woman's barber shop. It has not a striped pole in front of it. It is too asthetic for that, and the women find it in flocks without such vulgar aids. It is a woman's piace in the fullest sense of the word, run by women and for women. It is the outcome of the usual long felt want. when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer, who lived on and owned a very large farm called Taraglesown, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a reat deal of bein, and among those he employed was a man by the name of Wallace to ort as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned, and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Marwelton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and the next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedride and waited on him until he lied, and on his deathbed he composed the song entitled "Annie Leurie."—Chicago Herald.

Gathering Clippings from the Exchanges The latest development of the business is really going back to first principles, according to Mr. Romeike's story of how he first got the idea. He was a good deal and who patronize men dressmakers and milliners, of course, have no sort of ob-jection to men barbers, but lots of young of a Bohemian, and at one time in Paris it came to be a serious question with him whether be should work or starve. Buying a paper of an old woman at a street stand one morning, anxious not to miss the latest scandal of the boulevards, pending starvation, he saw an artist whom he knew take several papers from her and dentist y pay her a franc apiece for them. He asked you so d her why the man paid her so much, and harber was told that he had made an arrange. Granbia

ment with her by which way morning when she got her papers she looked them over, and if there was anything in any of THE SCOTCH OIL MINES.

them in reference to the matter in which A PETROLEUM-F.ELD THAT IS WAITthe artist was interested she marked it ING FOR A CHANCE paid her a franc for every paper in which she had found anything he wanted. It struck the young Bohemian that if one

When American Wells Bun Dry the Shale Mines Can De Worked at a Profit. The Lubricant, the Ammonia and the War the Most Valuable Products. William Findlay, of West Calder, Scot-

land, which is in the ancient oil shale re-gion of that country, has been making a tour of the Pennsylvania petroleum fields, and was in New York recently. so well that overprosperity broke down his health, and he had to go to the south of France to recuperate. Thence he went to London, and started to make a living "I am more than amazed," said he, "at what I have seen. The petroletim of Scotland is mined like coal, and although I had read of the oil wells of America, I was not prepared for such a vast differ-ence in the methods of oil production. The Scotch petroleum is not in the fluid state, but in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important in-dustry, and is quite an extensive one yet; "Kitty, I am glad to see you looking yourself again. What have you been do-ing to regain your rosy cheeks and bright but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scotch oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how

long national pride will resist considera-

tions of economy.
"The Scotch oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about 400 feet beneath the surface. The shale producing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive, and literally in-exhaustible. That is one hope we have. exhaustible. That is one hope we have. The fluid oil of this country will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time in the future. When your fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables you to refine it, export it, and sell it in Scotland at a less figure than it cost us to extract the oil from the shales at the very thresh old of Scotch markets, we will come to the front with our oil mines again, and know that whatever happens they can't be exhausted. "When the oil fields of West Calder

were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there, known as the Addis-well Oil works, and which cover seventyfive acres of ground, gave employment to over 2,000 men. In various parts of the field there were shale crushing works, not pers who visit their stores day after day without purchasing. When any of this unlike your coal breakers, where the mines. It is broken up into small pieces and the crude oil extracted at the or they have some other plausible excuse ready. If the clerk is convinced that you crushers. What we call of What we call crude oil really intend making a purchase he is usually patient and obliging. But there finers take it and from it extract fliuminating and lubricating oil, ammonia and is frequently as much excitement and pleasure whether you buy or not."—New wax. The latter is called paraffine in the oil trade of the country. The tar from a ton of shale will yield fourteen gallons of illuminating oil. This is subjected to four ifferent acid distillations, each one much heavier than any the American fluid pe As showing their maritime character and the great distance to which they will troleum requires. The result is a clear, white high flash illuminant, as good as American kerosene, but four times as expensive. If the American product simply came in competition with our illuminat-ing oil, the effect on our trade would not to that between New York city and Washbe of much consequence, as in that branch of the Scotch oil business is not where the ington; yet these polar pirates often stray in this manner from the eastern coast of Greenland to Iceland in such numbers as profit lies. The lubricant, the ammonia, and the wax are the products which make the shale mines valuable. The American to seriously frighten the inhabitants, being lubricating oil is cheaper, and those who their long ride and fast en route, and atuse it say better than any. The latter altogether I can't agree with. Of course tacking everything living they see, man not excepted. The natives, however have an inthe American oil does not interfere with genious way of escaping their fury, if they our ammonia products nor with our wax can only spare some article of wearing ap-parel to amuse them or arouse their curitrade, but we can't afford to produce kerosene and lubricating oil to throw sity. A glove, they say, is sufficient for away in order that we may get at th this purpose, for a bear will not stir further till he has turned every finger of ammonia and wax that he shale contains. I am forced to say, therefore, to use an it inside out, and as these animals are not very dexterous with their clumsy paws, Americanism, that the Scotch oil business is not beeming at the present time."-

New York Sun What Nibilism Realty I: I am not permitted to give the sources from which I secured my knowledge of the domestic troubles in Russia, for reasons I have explained, but my conclusions are my own and lead irresistibly to this one fact, that nihilism is the that something seemed to be wrong with the trombone part, and made the six protest of enlightened reason against the despotic tyranny of the police. Every man in Russia who dares talk at all will trombones play it over again. Then he will admit it. The czar is generally should have played "do," every man of them played "sol." spected and beloved by the people. The police are hated by every one. The con dition is that of abject submission to tyranny. No man or woman is safe. "We know it, sir," said the head man of the trombones; "but we don't play Even an acquaintance with suspected per-sons is crime. A word from a spy will send the best man in Petersburg to prison. There is not even freedom of thought. A "Because, in order to play "do," we have to thrust our arms out as far as we man may not even have opinions that are contrary to the "administrative system," as the despotism is called. As long as he keeps his opinion to himself he is but if he utters them, not only in Russia. but in Paris, or London, or anywhere else, they are liable to be reported by one of the thousands of spies, and from that day he is a marked man. Nihilism is a hysterical remonstrance against this con-dition of affairs. It is simply a refusal to

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